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NO. 1.

TO THE PUBLIC.

[The Editor of the New-York Weekly Museum at the commencement of a new volume approaches his patrons in a new guise, and with a confidential reliance upon their continued favor and support. In assuming another form for his paper he feels assured that he will receive the approbation of the candid and friendly,—and that upon reflection they will deem the change an improvement in every respect. To those who wish to give an extensive circulation to their advertisements, the envelope to the paper will certainly be found very convenient, and the charge will not exceed those of any other paper.]

The office of the Museum is removed to No. 102 Water-Street, where communications for the paper (particularly *good* original matter will be thankfully received; and where PRINTING generally is executed on the most reasonable terms.]

IDA OF TOKENBURG :

OR, THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

‘ YOU have been weeping, Julia ?’

‘ No dear mother, not that I know!—the cold air——’

‘ May, perhaps, makes the eyes red, but cannot fill them with tears; and here in every dimple of your cheeks hangs a tear. Dear Julia, may I not ask——?’

‘ Tears mother, in the eyes of a young girl, have not always much meaning.’

‘ Not when the anxiety of love ; and a heart ill-treated, forces them into the eyes ?’

‘ Dear mother, you are too severe. I have indeed shed tears on account of Grubenthal’s love, or at least his jealousy. But must love always smile?—Have you not yourself often said, that we maidens ought early to accustom ourselves to think that love, like every thing on earth, is a mixture of sorrow and joy ? You see I am accustoming myself to think so.’

‘ You jest very unseasonably at your future fate ; I look forward to it with an anxious heart—yes, believe me with a very anxious heart.’ (At these words madam Erlock took the hand of her daughter and pressed it to her breast.)

‘ With an anxious heart, dear mother ! You are too anxious.’

‘ Can I avoid feeling anxiety when I see that your love has no other effect than to fill with tears eyes once so cheerful, and extort sighs from so good a heart. A love which so early brings forth tears affords no good sign of its nature.—Tell me, dearest Julia, why you wept.’

‘ You know Grubenthal’s jealousy — A trifle, a mere trifle. It certainly was not worth the tears which my heart, because it was full, shed about it. Man is vain, dear mother ; an eye filled with tears is always an interesting subject to

a lover ; and who would not wish to be interesting.'

'Grubenthal has been gone this hour; and your eyes filled with tears are not to me an interesting object ; at least not one which has any connection with pleasure —But tell me what this trifle was.'

'You will laugh, no doubt ; but love extracts poison out of every thing it sees.'

'That is a property of love with which I was acquainted. I have indeed heard that we can make a heaven of a hell.'

'Yes, dear mother : but it sometimes makes the hell before it finds the heaven in it.'

'That is rather an extraordinary maxim. But let us hear what is this hell.'

'You know, dear mother, how much I have interested myself in the affairs of our gardener since the tender persevering, and fearless love of Barbara procured his discharge of the soldiers. As often as I see him I make him relate to me how Barbara fell on her knees before the stern colonel, her eyes streaming with tears, and spoke as if an angel prompted her, till tears started likewise into the eyes of the colonel, the officers, and soldiers, and they could no longer refuse her petition. Nothing pleases me so much as to hear Anthony tell how he was sent for from the guardhouse, little expecting any such thing, and how he fell on his knees by the side of Barbara, and took her in his arms, mingling his tears with her's ; but when he was told he was at liberty, he fainted with surprise, and was revived by the embraces of Barbara. I was to-day alone with Anthony and Barbara, and making them tell me the story. Barbara was called away, and I staid some time with the gardener alone, who told me how dearly he now loved Barbara. I heard this with great pleasure, and promised him that I would be god-mother to the first child ; for which Anthony in gratitude, kissed my hand. At that moment Grubenthal came up one of the alleys and saw me. I ran to meet him, and—you know how tenderly he loves me, and how jealous he is on that account.'

'On that account, Julia ! because he tenderly loves you ! That cannot be your real opinion ; for why did you then shed tears if his jealousy is a proof of his love ? Shall I tell you why you shed them ? Because you felt yourself hurt that he should suspect you were too familiar with a person of low rank.'

'Yes I own, dear mother, that hurt me a little. But a great deal must be forgiven to jealousy and love, and I am glad I can forgive it.'

'If love and jealousy, child, are estimated as they ought to be, according to the principles of sound reasoning, we shall find that there are several species of both. Of jealousy there is a legitimate and generous kind.—A maiden is beloved, and loves, in return. She attracts the attention of a man of understanding and merit who before was a stranger to her. Her lover is alarmed : he fears the amiable qualities of the stranger should make an impression on the heart of his mistress. This jealousy is the pledge of his modesty and delicacy, and the purity and ardour of his love. For this jealousy the gratitude of his mistress is due to him : for it is the triumph of her charms and accomplishments.'

'This, dear mother, has certainly not been the cause in the present instance, otherwise Grubenthal would have——.'

'We will talk of Grubenthal presently.—This nobler species of jealousy is the offspring of refined love and modesty. But besides this there are two other kinds of jealousy,—which may be called the jealousy of selfishness, and the jealousy of sensual inclination. But what signify names ? Let them be called what they may ; it will be well, child, for you to be acquainted with their nature, that you may guard against them. You know there are florists who buy rare flowers at an extravagant price, and destroy great quantities of them, that they alone may possess them. There are thousands of envious persons who are jealous of every thing which others possess in common with them. Such envious, selfish, and mean hearts are there likewise in friendship and love. A selfish lover of this kind wishes to be the whole world to

the object of his love ; all whose wishes, hopes, pleasures, and whose very life, must centre in himself. A smile or friendly word bestowed on another, even pity expressed for the unfortunate, or a cheerful hour passed in the company of any other person, is with such the crime of high treason against love. Men of such a disposition are frequently as jealous of a fine piece of painting, or a rare flower or butterfly, as of the woman they love ; for love with them is only a pretence to conceal their envy ; and I should not here mention this frantic vanity, had not the name of jealousy been given to this selfish envy in love.

'This kind of jealousy, however, mother is, certainly not that of Grubenthal.'

'That I am willing to grant. There is a third kind of jealousy which is the offspring of suspicion, and a gross sensual inclination. Julia,—there are men who will not believe in any virtue in women, or that there is any such thing as innocence or unstained purity of manners in our sex, either because they have never met with an innocent heart, or because they are unworthy to meet with one. You are unacquainted with the manners of what is called the great world, and judge of the innocence of the women who live in it by the pure and unblemished manners of the matrons and maidens who live here with us in the solitudes of the Swiss valleys, where innocence and constancy are the rich treasures of every cottage.—You know not that there are elevated ranks of life in which innocence is a name of mockery, and conjugal fidelity an object of ridicule, where these two guardian angels of virtue are utterly contemned, and left to the lowest classes of the people. A man brought up in such society gradually loses all belief in female virtue, as he never met with an example of it, or because he judges of every heart by his own, which never yet had strength enough to withstand the slightest temptation to sensual gratification. Yet, though he may believe the corruption of manners to be general, and the existence of innocence and purity impossible, he will wish to find an exception to this in the woman he loves.

(To be continued.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

A SON'S MISCONDUCT.

"Vice has its punishments, and virtue has its rewards."

FEW in life ever set out with brighter prospects of happiness than did my friend Sedgerly : at the age of twenty one, he was established in lucrative business, by a fond and indulgent father ; whose hopes of a comfortable and respectable old age were centered in the prosperity of his darling child : who was the only one that heaven had left him of a numerous family. Possessing the advantages of an agreeable person, a generous disposition, and the esteem and good wishes of all his friends, and more than all, most truly happy in the affections of a beloved and amiable wife.

Being nearly of the same age and of similar pursuits and inclinations, I was influenced by a wish to imitate the example of his domestic felicity : accordingly I obtained the affections of a young lady, a native of England, whose interesting countenance and modest unaffected deportment had long before taken entire possession of my heart. After having been married some months my wife received the melancholy information of the death of a near and dear relation, who very unexpectedly had left her a considerable fortune, with a particular and earnest request that she should return to England and reside in the house he had left her : therefore in compliance with the wishes of my wife I settled in England.

About ten years after, having some affairs of importance to transact in America, I resolved to revisit my native land. I sought the places once so familiar to me ; but that short space of time had made such a change that I could scarcely recollect them. I sought the dear friends of my youth, but alas ! time had also in that respect made a great change. Some, through the trying scenes of adversity, were reduced to poverty and distress ; and some, through honest industry and frugality, had obtained an easy independence ; while,

others "had passed this vale of tears" and bid farewell to all sublunary hopes." I recollected with tender anxiety the scenes of my youth, in which these dear departed friends were so active and happy. I was comforted with the reflection that they had resigned themselves into the hands of their merciful Creator, and that each one must be superlatively happy in the reward of a virtuous and well-spent life. In this frame of mind I directed my steps to the abode of my friend Sedgerly. I considered that ten years had passed away since I left him surrounded by the most flattering prospects, and happy in the possession of every earthly comfort; therefore I entered his dwelling with the most pleasing anticipation. Vain hope! here, alas, time had effected a change, a great change. The once blooming and sweet countenance of his wife was overspread with care and anxious grief; dejection and sorrow had long been her constant companions. I cast my eyes around the apartment—but only the poor remains of former costly furniture graced the room. I tenderly enquired into the cause of the visible alteration which I saw had taken place in her family: a sigh was all her answer. I hastily inquired for her husband, and unfortunately touch'd on the cause of her unhappiness: she arose in order to conceal the tears which she could not suppress; while she replied that he was out: perceiving that the delicacy of her feelings prevented her giving me any satisfaction on a subject on which I was extremely interested, I arose and took my leave. I soon learn'd from his friends that he so far estranged himself from his family as to plunge in all manner of excess and intemperance.

His repeated extravagance and neglect of business soon reduced his family to a state of penurious distress; from which he was reliev'd by his father, who on a solemn promise of a reformation, re-established him in business: but alas! his repentance was of but short duration; the means of gratification being again in his power, he returned with renewed pleasure to his former vices and companions in iniquity.

At length his father finding him al-

together incorrigible and perversely bent on his own destruction, withdrew his protection; and, with an aching heart, resolved to leave him to all those evil and distressing consequences attendant on guilty practices. After an inspection into his own affairs he found that by repeatedly discharging the extravagant debts of his unworthy son, his finances were very low; however, with the little that was left, it was his intention to have retired with his unhappy daughter-in-law and her little family to a small place of his own, a considerable distance from the city, and there spend the remainder of a life which but for their sakes he had no desire to prolong. A few days previous to their intended removal, providence for some unforeseen purpose thought proper to close the life, and put a period to the miseries of this good old man. The body of his son, wounded and bleeding, was borne home by two men who had found him in the street late at night in that condition; the sight was too much for the feelings of his aged father, who closed his eyes to open them no more. His wife, who still tenderly loved him, and whose health and constitution were almost exhausted, received such a shock from these sudden complications of miseries that she did not long survive her father-in-law. O how truly wretched was the state of this imprudent man: the dreadful conviction of his enormous crimes and wicked irregularities haunted his guilty conscience, and the sharpest sting of remorse harrassed his mind at the idea of having precipitated the grey hairs of his father with sorrow to the grave! his faithful, affectionate wife who for a series of years had silently and patiently borne his cruel neglect, with the most cutting anguish, vainly hoped that time would make him sensible of his follies, until at length she was hurried to an untimely tomb. O mercy! what will become of this votary of dissipation; a retrospect of the past is attended with the most excruciating sensations of regret; a prospect of the future, represents all the horrors of poverty and wretchedness: his wounds though recovered, have left him a cripple for the rest of his days: pale, meagre

want is depicted on his haggard countenance, and cruel to relate, six small children, heaven's most precious gifts, vainly look up to him for food and protection! The scene must close: it is too shocking: let imagination paint the rest.

P. P.

THE PRIDE OF BIRTH

SOME of the ablest and best prelates of whom the church of England has to boast, originally arose from very humble situations in society. The catalogue of her primates in particular, almost entirely consists of persons of lowly extraction. Cranmer, Parker, Grindall and Whitgift, the great pillars of the church establishment, after the separation from the papal yoke, were all of a mean descent, if as in the vulgar phraseology of common life, poverty and meanness be synonymous.

Archbishop Abbot was educated and maintained by public charity.

Laud's father was a weaver; so was Tillotson's; and none of them, it appears were in circumstances to provide for their sons.

Potter was a servitor in his college; and both Herring and Secker were more indebted to good fortune and lucky hits in life, than to family connexions, for their elevation to the bench.

Nor has this been the case only with the church of England. The most eminent of the Roman pontiffs sprung from obscurity; and the poor people of Italy, until of late, have been accustomed to excite in their children an application to study, by relating to them the story of pope Sixtus the fifth. That great man was the son of a cottager; and on his elevation to the tiara, he used to say, in contempt of the pasquinades that were made upon his birth, that he was born of an *illustrious* house, because the sun beams passing through the broken walls and ragged roof, *illustrated* every corner of his father's hut.

Lastly, Dr. Moore, archbishop of Canterbury, is a native of Gloucester, where his father was a butcher, in such low circumstances, that he could not afford the expences necessary to give his son that liberal education which he both desired and deserved.

THE INVENTION OF LETTERS.

[From Dr. Rutherford's View of Ancient History.]

THE invention of alphabetical letters, and the art of writing, is generally attributed by the ancients to the Egyptians. This wonderful art, by which words and thoughts have been painted, by which the inventions and exploits of antiquity have been perpetuated and preserved, and by which the archives of history, and the discoveries of philosophy, may be communicated to all ages, refers its origin to the Egyptian priests. This noblest and most beneficial invention, of which human ingenuity can boast, and which has contributed so much to the improvement of the species, was imperfect in its origin, and advanced to perfection slowly, and by a gradual progression. Picture-writing, or a rude representation of external objects, was the first step in this progress. This mode of recording events prevailed among the ancient nations in the infancy of society; and was known to the natives of America when it was discovered. Such awkward delineations represent things, not words: they exhibit images to the eye, not ideas to the understanding: they may therefore be considered as the earliest and most imperfect essay of men in their progress towards discovering the art of writing. The defects in this mode of recording transactions must have been soon felt. To paint every occurrence was from its nature a very tedious operation, and as affairs became more complicated, and events multiplied in society, its annals must have swelled to an enormous bulk. Besides this, no objects could be delineated but those of sense; the conceptions of the mind had no corporeal form, and as picture-writing could not convey an idea of these, it was a very imperfect art. The necessity of improving it roused and sharpened invention, and by successive steps the human genius advanced, first, from the actual picture to the plain hieroglyphic, next to the allegorical symbol, then to the arbitrary character; until at length an alphabet of letters was discovered, capable of expressing all the variety of combinations, of sound em-

ployed in speech. Nothing is more simple in appearance, or more profound in reality, than this last invention. A small number of characters, representing every articulate sound of the human voice, serves to express all the thoughts, emotions, and passions of men, and contains distinctly, in a small space, what could not be done by an infinite number of hieroglyphics, but with obscurity and confusion. The date of this discovery is unknown, but ascends to a high antiquity. One parent alphabet suggested the idea of all the rest. The Roman letters, used by the modern European nations, were taken from the Greek; the Greek from the Phenicians, whose characters are the same with those of the Assyrians: all originated from the Egyptians, the form of whose letters is evidently taken from their hieroglyphics. After the invention of an alphabet, hieroglyphics became a sacred language among the Egyptians, and were employed by the priests, to conceal the principles of their philosophy, and their discoveries, from the view of the vulgar.

ANECDOTE.

A HELP TO A SHORT MEMORY.

A Frenchman being at confession, accused himself of many crimes; and among other things acknowledged that not more than an hour before, he had given his wife a sound drubbing. "Why did you do that, my son?" said the father confessor. "Why," replied the penitent, "I do the same thing every time I come to confession, and were I once to omit it, my *shrift* would hardly entitle me to absolution. In conformity to the ordinations of our holy religion, I confess once every year, but my memory is so defective, that I should never recollect any sin I have been guilty of unless I *beat my wife*, which I therefore always do on these occasions; and she in return comes rattling like a hail-storm, with a full, true, and particular account of every crime I have committed, from the hour I married her to the day I drub her."

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following is a copy *verbatim et literatim* of an advertisement set up on the door of a Post Office in Pennsylvania

Pop Lic Vandue.

On Friday the 4 of February at the Twellings of Vallintin Schultz lead of Nobery Township Deceased. To wit—kaws—Ship and Swine a Wagin—a Winmill. Betts and Betsteds—one kopper kitle Washintops Wead and Rye by the Bushel—hay and straw and A Numerns of haushold and kitshead furniture to Deges to Mentione Seil to begin at 9 a'clock on said day where attendants and Credit will be given By.

} Admrs.

January the 25—1814.

Morality.

HOW long must unhappy mortals continue to put on the weed of mourning, for the loss of friends?—the sable garb and melancholy countenances, which continually meet our view in the assemblies of the living, wound the feelings of sympathy, and tell us this mournful truth, that the Grave is the end of all. In vain do we attempt to shun its dark and damp embrace. The infant, ere it can lisp its mother's name, and the sportive child, must die. The youth, flushed with the bloom of spring, and rejoicing in health, suddenly droops, and falls in silence. Middle age dies like corn in summer. Old age is like the ripe and bending corn—has but a short way to fall—and dying, speaks the decay of nature. Disease, famine, and the sword—Time's Executioners—like wolves upon the watch, wait the unhappy victim at every corner, and he escapes one, only to fall a prey to the other. To the trembling wretch, whose brow is blackened with the consciousness of crime, they come armed with tenfold terrors; but to the man of truth, like indifferent visitors, they are admitted, and he feels nothing but the inevitable blow.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

MAY.

GLADLY welcome, cheerful May,
 And hail! resplendent orb of day;
 Unclouded rise, disperse the night,
 And clothe the blushing Morn with light.
 Extend thy soul enliv'ning beams
 O'er landscapes green, and purple streams.
 Let Nature feel thy genial ray,
 And welcome thee the God of Day.
 Oh! would some condescending muse,
 In me poetic fire infuse;
 Grant but one ray of light divine,
 To illuminate the rural line,
 Then would I rise at early dawn,
 To Flora consecrate my song.
 I'd sing the beauties Nature yields,
 And all the charms that grace the fields.
 Each tender blade should hold to view,
 Like glittering gems, the pearly dew,
 Conglob'd, while quiv'ring breezes fly,
 And trem'ulous shoot each mingling dye;
 Nor would I be confin'd to fields,
 A thousand beauties grace the hills.
 I'd paint array'd high on their side,
 The hoary Oak, the Forest's pride,
 The lofty Pine, whose branches high,
 Seem thro' the clouds to reach the sky;
 The striking contrast here I'd seize,
 From lofty themes and tow'ring trees,
 To lowly shrubs of humble birth,
 Scarce rising from their parent earth;
 Whose branches kiss their native place,
 Nor willing quit their fond embrace.
 Instructive lessons too I'd find,
 The useful blended with sublime.
 Where the prolific orchard grows,
 And its pomaceous sweets disclose,
 My song should breathe the rural sounds,
 Which murmur'ing Echo back, rebounds;
 And each harmonious mingling note,
 Should still though vanish'd seem to float.
 I'd still the verdant mead pursue,
 And think each morning ramble new.
 Each flow'ry bank and flowing stream,
 Should be the subject of my theme.
 Not e'en a bud should blow unknown,
 Nor Bloomfield* sing its charms alone.
 But tho' no friendly Muse will deign,
 To animate my rustic strain,
 Yet let me taste while on the wing,
 The mild and balmy breath of spring.
 Still let me view the op'ning flow'r,
 Meet health in each luxuriant bow'r;
 Still Flora's pleasures let me share,
 And breathe sweet fragrance, Morning Air.

THEANOR.

*Bloomfield's Poem.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ADDRESSED TO M. A. W.

OH! that my harp was tuned by some fond
 muse,
 That I might sweep with bolder hand the
 strings;
 Then, friendly stranger, then my notes should
 rise,
 As soon would prove a willing votary sings:
 But Gratitude inspires my humble verse,
 And these the effusions of a heart sincere,
 To thy instructions thus so kindly given,
 Trust me I lend a serious list'ning ear.
 Allow me thus to vindicate my faults;
 Scarce fifteen years have gone their annual
 rounds,
 What wonder then a heart so young as mine,
 Should wish to pluck life's rose without its
 thorns.
 But tho' I boast a young and lively heart,
 Yet no apostate to Religion's laws;
 When Heav'n's high praise inspires the muse's
 lyre,
 With fervent zeal I bless the pious cause:
 But oft when kneeling at fair virtue's shrine,
 I've seen Religion spread her heavenly charms,
 And when I've clasp'd her with enthusiast's
 joy,
 She'd fly and leave a phantom in my arms:
 But at the Poet's call I'll woo once more,
 And if the much-lov'd nymph I can but gain,
 Then hand in hand adown life's path we'll
 glide,
 And life or death with her shall give no pain.

ELLA.

CAROLINE.

GEM of the crimson colour'd eve,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of heaven;
 Beloved star, dost thou delay?
 So fair thy pensile beauty burns
 When soft the tear of twilight flows;
 So dire thy plighted step returns,
 To chambers brighter than the rose;
 To peace, to pleasure, and to love,
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
 Sure some enamour'd orb above,
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.
 This is the breathing, blushing hour,
 When all unheavenly passions fly;
 Chas'd by the soul-subduing power
 Of love's delightful witchery.
 O! sacred to the fall of day
 Queen of propitious stars appear!
 And early rise, and long delay
 When Caroline herself is here.
 Shine on her chosen green resort,
 Where trees the sunward summit crown;
 And damask flowers that well may court
 An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome !
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guide'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms thy soft exhaling dew ;
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheeks of rosy hue.

Where winnow'd by thy gentle air
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brows so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet to wander far,
O ! bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my ruling star.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

NEWS has been just received from Europe that an armistice was signed between Bonaparte and the allies, the 5th of March ; and that a general peace was expected in Europe ; that a large British force was coming out, and that the whole coast of the United States was declared in a state of rigorous blockade, with orders to sink, burn and destroy every vessel they can find along the whole coast.

The New Zealand, English prize ship, to the Essex Frigate, with a cargo of 2,200 bbls. of oil, has been re-captured by the Belvedere British Frigate off the Delaware—This ship left the Essex in the South Seas about 4 months ago, having eleven prizes with her, exclusive of three 20 gun ships, which were all manned and cruising in company. Capt. Porter, it is said, had fortified three small islands in the South Seas for the protection of his prizes.

On Wednesday a soldier was shot at Ellis's Island in this harbour, for attempting to shoot an officer : and on the same day three of the Sea Fencibles stationed at the Narrows, were brought out to be shot agreeably to their sentence, for mutiny : but was respited after undergoing the usual preparation of death in such cases : indeed so near were they the critical point that one gun actually went off by accident.

The proceedings of the general-court-martial for the trial of gen. Hull have been published. The Court having found him guilty of Cowardice in face of the enemy in various instances, and of other unofficer like conduct, have sentenced him to be shot to death ; but on account of his advanced age and revolutionary services recommended him to the President for mercy : who has approved the sen-

tence and remitted its execution ; and has ordered his name to be struck from the roll of the army.

Notwithstanding the late rumours about an armistice, great preparations are going on to obtain an ascendancy on Lake Ontario. The crew of the Macedonian left this city for Albany on Wednesday last.

Accounts from Georgia mention that a very unusual frost, the 15th of April, had nearly destroyed all the cotton crops in that part of the country. So backward a spring here perhaps has seldom been known, in consequence of which butter sells now in the Fly-Market at 3s. 6d. to 4s. a pound.

An unknown donor has given 20,000 dollars to found a Greek Professorship in Harvard University, (Massachusetts.)

The Queen, British transport, with 473 persons on board, (325 of them sick and invalid soldiers, 63 women and 58 children, from the British army on the continent) was lost on Trefusis Reef, coast of England, on the 14th of January, and dreadful to relate, all on board, except 100 men and 4 women, perished. Six French officers, prisoners, were among the number who were lost.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Perine, Mr. Wm. Forrest, to Miss Mary S. Wyckoff, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Kohlman, Mr. John Hefernan, Merchant, to Miss Frances Moore.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. George Chavell, to Miss Martha Dyball, both of this city.

At Stamford, Con. Mr. John Shedden, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Fitch, of the former place.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mrs. Fanny Lamner, wife of Mr. Joseph Lamner, aged 26.

Mrs. King, wife of Mr. John King, aged 27.

Francis T. Duffy, son of Mr. Peter Duffy, aged 6 years, by the kick of a horse.

Miss Diana Coulthard, daughter of the late Mr. John Coulthard.

Mr. James Bennet.

At Philadelphia, the hon. Nicholas Gilman, senator of the U. S. from N. Hampshire.

THE MUSEUM.

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